

Historical Library

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 6. NO. 3

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907

\$2.00 PER YEAR

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M. Sunday.
Services at 2 P. M. M. S. Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 3:30 P. M. Sunday.
English Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M. Wednesday.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M. Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIP'S—EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for Native Christians, 8 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M.
Vespers—Native service, 8:30 P. M.
Services in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 8 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Services at 8 P. M. every evening, 7:30 P. M.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY F. CORSER, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at Jail, Sunday, 10:00 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M.
Regular services every evening, 7:30.
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major.
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

Stickine Tribe No. 5
Imp. O. R. M.
Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Scouting chiefs always welcomed.
A. V. B. SEDDON, G. E. H.

SALMAGUNDI

The Wrangell Drug Co.

TRADERS AND TRAPPERS

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullman, New York, pays highest prices for furs. 1121ff

Mining Location Notices kept in stock for sale at SENTINEL office.

The highest tide for a number of years is due today.

ONLY THREE WEEKS MORE

Spare Moments, a 40- to 60-page magazine. Regular yearly price.....	\$.50
Mother's Magazine, a fine help for the mother. Regular yearly price.....	.50
Dreammaking at Home, the best guide to corner droning. Regular price.....	.50
Alaska Sentinel, 28 columns of local weekly news. Regular yearly price.....	2.00
Total.....	\$3.50
Special price until January 1, 1908.....	2.10
Amount saved by subscribing now.....	\$1.40

TREASURER'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the tax roll of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, for the year of 1907, has been placed in my hands for collection.

Any and all of such taxes not paid on or before the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., on Monday, December 30, 1907, shall become delinquent, and a penalty of five per centum of such tax will be added thereto, as provided by law and ordinance in such cases.

L. C. PATERNAUDE.

Treasurer.
Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, November 13, 1907.

Let's have a "spellin' skule" and do something besides dance.

Umbrellas repaired and re-covered. Leave at Paternau's barber shop.

Look at your subscription receipt and see if it has not expired. We knead the dough.

The City of Seattle came in a few hours ahead of time, Tuesday morning, bound north.

Crabs are biting fine, and there are lots of them being caught over at the sawmill dock.

Peter L. Jensen went around Zaremba in quest of deer, last week, reaching home Monday.

Mr. T. C. McHugh came up on the Seattle after an extended business trip to Sound points.

Wrangell has been in darkness for a week on account of a break-down to the power plant's engine.

Capt. A. J. Amundson has been taking some fine king salmon with a troll, during the past week or two.

Supt. Fred Willson has a force of men whitewashing, repairing, and otherwise getting the mill fixed up for the winter and next season's work.

The postoffice at Woodsky has been declared closed, and patrons of that office will get their mail at Petersburg.

The stamps and other supplies were turned over to Postmaster Worden.



On board the City of Seattle were a lot of Hindus, enroute for Treadwell to work in the mines. It appears that the Treadwell operators do not care what class of labor they employ, so long as they get it cheap. They probably figure that it is better to have Hindus blown to atoms in the "glory hole" by the careless use of dynamite than for good white miners to go that route. They should also consider the fact that if experienced white men are employed at reasonable wages, the danger of these accidental explosions is much less. One experienced miner at \$5 per day will accomplish more than two Hindus at \$3 each, per day, and why these "cattle" should be shipped in is a question that is hard to answer.

That Thanksgiving masquerade was a kind of "frost," there being but a few in costume, as compared with the usual mask ball. This was due to a lack of advertising. This paper has always inserted notices of such affairs; but for some unknown reason, nobody said a word to us about this dance, and we knew nothing about it until we saw a 12x14 hand-lettered card on the door of the hall, with the legend: "Masquerade, Nov. 27," in letters about an inch in height.

"Whoopie! Hully up! Ketchum people! Fire! Golamighty! Bleak-em-legally bad!", shouted Jinks, the Chinese wood king, Saturday evening, and when his cries attracted help it was found that both his legs were held fast by two big logs that had rolled together. He was extricated only after jackscrews had been used to separate the logs, and escaped with nothing more serious than a few bruises that cause him to limp.

The heavy winds recently caused the old bunk house, near the school house, to get very much out of plumb; and being considered very unsafe for school children to play about, the commissioner ordered it torn down, and under direction of Marshal Grant, it has been razed by Alex Vreat, and the lumber piled up. The bunk house was built during Wrangell's "palmy days."

The little whaling steamer Tyee Jr. came down from Murder Cove, Thursday, and intercepted the Humboldt about a mile from town, putting a number of southbound passengers aboard that vessel. She then came to the dock to give the crew a chance to "stretch their legs." The little steamer has captured five whales this season.

Wrangell now has a musical organization of which all should feel proud. The personnel of the Wrangell Orchestra is C. C. Baker, violin; L. R. Milligan, violoncello; George Northup, cornet and Mrs. Milligan, piano. The orchestra is now rehearsing regularly, preparing for a concert to be given some time in the present month. Watch for their announcement later.

While the dance was going on, Wednesday night, Lawrence Taylor stepped on a big dog that was lying in the vestibule. The brute seized the boy by the calf of the leg and inflicted a dangerous laceration by leaving the prints of nine teeth, one of which was extended into a cut about two inches long and bone-deep. Dr. Shurick dressed the wounds, and they are healing nicely.

In almost every town in Southeastern Alaska a good brass band is maintained, and we see no reason why Wrangell should not also have one. The material and instruments are here, and all that is lacking is a small donation of the proper kind of backbone.

Wm. G. Thomas, who has charge of Jack Collins' Wrangell affairs, shipped Mr. Collins' launch to Anacortes by the last Al-Ki. Nothing has yet been seen or heard of the pile driver, and it is generally conceded that the big machine is in Davy Jones' Locker.

Yance Terzich, president of Douglas Island Miners' Union, was a passenger on the Seattle, returning home from a business visit to Ketchikan. He reports the Union in flourishing condition all over Alaska.

The Douglas Island News began on the eleventh course last week, and judging from appearances, is yet a long way from coffee and cigarettes.

"Chips" Cole is building a new boat for Jimmy Bradley and Tommy Jackson. The craft will be thirty-seven feet long, carrying a ten horsepower motor.

Billy Richardson left out with his logging outfit and crew in tow of the Clatsaw, Friday. The objective point was Blind River in the Narrows.

Capt. Edwin Hoistad has recently had a dormer window built into his residence on Wrangell Heights. Contractor H. D. Campbell did the work.

If you wish to buy venison, bear, ducks or geese, in any quantity, apply to Sergeant Williams at the cable office.

Capt. I. M. Hoistad came down in the Ragnhild from Scow Bay, Monday night, for provisions, etc.

GEO. SNYDER.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

Just Received a Large Shipment of

Blankets, Sheets, Towels, White Goods, Flannels, Calicos, Ginghams

LADIES' AND GENTS' HOSE AND UNDERWEAR

BOOTS AND SHOES

TIN SHOP IN CONNECTION. BEWARE OF FIRE!
RENEW YOUR PIPES AND ROOF PLATES

Hot Blast Stoves and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Large Stock of Guns and Ammunition

ALWAYS ON HAND

St. Michael Trading Company

LAUGH AND GROW FAT

A New York firm once applied to Abraham Lincoln as to the financial condition of a neighbor. He replied: "I am well acquainted with Mr. —, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together, they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office which is a stable worth \$1,50, and three chairs, worth, say \$1. Lastly, there is in one corner of his workshop a large rat-hole which will bear looking into. Yours respectfully, A. Lincoln."

A young man in Ketchikan, who is about to make his de-butt in society, writes: "Mr. Editor, will you kindly tell me when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat?" We reply: Without consulting authorities or etiquette, in fact giving it to you off-hand, so to speak, we should say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate. When mopping the brow, when taking a bath, when eating, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when having the hair trimmed, and when standing on the head.

A Boston lawyer, who brought his wife from native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business," angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer inquired:

"Have you any other business?"

Ringing up her butcher, she said: "You remember that I gave you an order for a pound of liver while ago?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I find that I do not need it, and you need not send it."

Before she could put down the receiver, she heard the butcher say to some one in the shop: "Take out Mrs. —'s liver. She says she can get along without it."

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

CANDIES
Toilet Sets
Hand Bags
Burnt Work
Good Combs
Pocket Books
Chamois Vests
Manicure Sets
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ALL OF THE ABOVE ARTICLES ON SALE AT
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Wholesale and Retail Druggists

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Fancy and Staple Goods, Candies, Notions, Toilet Articles, Stationery, School and Photo Supplies



MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION

JAGER GAS ENGINES

ASK GEO. SNYDER FOR CATALOGUE

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL..... ALASKA.

The thread trust is not foolishly claiming to be a good thing for the consumer.

Dr. Willey says that centenarians soon will be as common as blackbirds. White blackbirds?

It costs more to live nowadays than it did in the old times, but you get more kinds of life.

When two political machines on the same track collide there is no end of the dirt that is put into circulation.

Naturally it will be gratifying to the daring explorer who first reaches the north pole to find that all winds will waft him southward.

A Judge has decided that loud snoring constitutes an unlawful disturbance of the peace. He probably sleeps near a thin partition.

In Nebraska a man and woman have recently been married to each other for the fourth time. This is what might be called intermittent matrimony.

The Singer Building in New York has attained its thirty-sixth story and daily attracts crowds of spectators. Merely another Singer achieving high C.

John D. Rockefeller says he works for the good of the public. He, of course, reserves to himself the right of determining what is good for the public.

Now that Englishmen can marry a deceased wife's sister, our British cousins may be careful, in selecting a wife, to choose one of a good-looking family.

"Don't crush the railroads," says Mr. Harriman in an appealing tone. All right; but there appears to be a disposition in some quarters to soak the railroad presidents.

A French woman has been awarded a prize for discovering a reliable method of determining whether a person is dead. Still, even her method may fail to convince some politicians that they are dead ones.

The self-restraint of Mark Twain is the most wonderful thing of the age. In spite of the fact that he can get 30 cents a word for what he writes, he refrains from writing unless he has something to write.

A Chicago pastor declares he would throw away a biscuit any time for a kiss. Ministers change with time, like everything else. For the old-time preacher life could offer no inducement greater than hot biscuit and maple syrup.

If the government plans are successful, a dishpan farm may be the next profitable industry. One of the plant explorers of the Department of Agriculture has already made experiments in raising bamboo in California, and now, with a grant of two thousand dollars, is about to try it in the Southern States. He believes that the Japanese bamboo can be made to yield a profitable crop wherever there is a Southern cane-brake.

Francis Miles Finch, who died recently at the age of 80 years, achieved in one poem, "The Blue and the Gray," a more certain immortality than many poets of many volumes. The poem appeared two years after the close of the Civil War, and appealed at once to the national heart. It comes nearer than any other thing in American literature, except some great prose utterances of Lincoln, to putting into words the best that men were thinking in a time of sorrow and hope.

common honey bee. The experiment failed, apparently because the bees could not stand the dryness of the climate.

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better or worse, richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish."—Marriage Service. Doubtless these words echoed in the ears of Judge Morschauer when, at White Plains, N. Y., he denied the application of Harry Wood's wife for alimony and counsel fees in her divorce suit and suggested that the attorneys could and should effect a reconciliation. The suit was brought on charges of neglect and abandonment. Yet Mr. Wood presented evidence which satisfied the court that the trouble was due to his loss of employment and his consequent poverty, for which he was not to blame. Probably the root of the trouble was in the heart of one or both of the parties to the marriage. Probably one or both of them had failed to realize that marriage is "an estate not by any one to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God." If there were other reasons than his material misfortunes why this woman should be separated from the husband to whom she had given her troth "for richer or poorer," it is plain that she did not bring them forward. The prepossession of men is on the side of the woman in such cases, and, had there been anything to justify it, the balance of justice would have inclined to her side. "The wife's duty," as Judge Morschauer well said, "is to share her husband's misfortunes as well as his successes," just as it is his duty to do all that is in human power to provide for her comfort. "She should not be eager to seek legal separation," as the court said again, "when adversity is the sole cause of unhappiness," any more than he should seek it for any cause which it is beyond her power to control. Marriage means that the man and the woman are to face the storm and the sunshine together. The so-called "divorce problem" which vexes so many worthy souls is in reality a marriage problem. The scandal of frivolous divorces has its beginning in the scandal of frivolous marriages. We shall put an end to the divorce scandals and solve the so-called "divorce problem" only when men and women more generally perceive that marriage is "an estate not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly," and prove their understanding by their deeds.

WORLD'S FINEST STABLES.

Most Luxurious Horse Quarters on Earth Are to Be Found in Newport

No one feature of Newport extravagance more clearly shows the mint of money lavished on this playground of millionaires than the wonderful stables attached to every establishment, says the Broadway Magazine.

Take, for instance, the O. H. P. Belmont villa. It has stable for its ground floor of such dimensions that a coach and four can drive in, turn about and drive out again. It contains the most elaborate equipment of carriages and harness in the world; its walls are decorated with rare old prints and blue-ribbon prizes. The estates of the brothers Vanderbilt, Alfred and Reginald, at Sandy Point, are veritable villages of stables. As you pass, Dr. Austin Flint whirls by in his motor, and you remember that people from Maine to California are reading that "Miss Reginald Vanderbilt is confined to the house with a cold."

The mere incidentals impress you at first with the extravagance of Newport. The prices of papers, periodicals, candy, flowers, etc., are doubled. The millionaire sets the pace even in the simple process of buying a paper of pins. But these details are not of importance; what is important is the gigantic abortive extravagance that enters into every detail of existence dreamed of in the philosophy of the millionaire, and ably shown by the magnificent homes of the very horses and motor cars.

Peanut Trade Increasing.

Pearl artists both in words and paint, magazine illustrators, who act as actors, boys and policemen will regret the approaching disappearance of Jack's flat cap, rolling collar and flaring trousers. They are doomed. They are going where pop deck and topgallant forecastle, martingale and spritsail yard, stuns'ls booms and fore royal stays, breeching and side tackle went before them, into the dusty limbo of outlived usefulness. Modern ships and modern sailors are no more like the bulwarks of Isaac Hull's time than the Jackie's uniform of to-day is like that of Herman Melville's "White Jacket."

It is curious what a bold the suffix "less" has taken upon the affection of Americans. There have long been seedless oranges, and now there are coreless apples and spineless cactuses. Manufacturers of automobiles advertise waterless cars, news comes by wireless telegraphy, teeth are extracted by painless dentistry, educators are trying to devise studyless education, and everybody is looking for some workless work. The latest failure is an experiment in agriculture with stingless bees, from which better things had been hoped. The bees were brought from Venezuela and placed in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. They gather less honey than the ordinary bee, but have greater pollen-carrying capacity. This, it was hoped, would be a benefit to horticulturists interested in the cross-breeding of fruit and flowers. It was hoped also that the bees might be crossed with the

COLD PLATES AND HOT PLATES.

Many of Former Still to Be Found; the Latter, Happily, Spreading. "We still find," said an old Washingtonian, "many cold plates. Lots of people seem to regard hot plates as a superiority, or even as an affection of style that is not to be encouraged, and so give you cold plates to eat hot food from; thus really spoiling many a good meal."

"I ate dinner yesterday at a place where the food is excellent and admirably cooked, and where everything they give you is good and appetizing, and ample in supply, but where the joy of the meal was marred by cold plates."

"Just why they give you cold plates at this place I don't know, but it is simply the survival of an ancient custom, I guess."

"For hot plates are a modern custom. Formerly people got along very well without them; but it is different now, when it is so easy to provide them. And yet they are by no means, even today, everywhere to be found."

"You might eat today at the abundant, the well-supplied and the well-equipped table of a family whose every member was the personification of kindly grace and hospitality, and yet find here your food served to you on cold plates; rugged people, these, by whom, out of some feeling bred in the days when luxuries were less common, hot plates would still be considered as a mark of concession to effeminacy. And by such a reason, indeed, might the cold plates be accounted for in some small hotels, off the beaten track, though in many another hotel their presence is due simply to slackness, indifference or a failure to rise to modern conditions."

"But the hot plate, by no means a sign of degeneracy, but one marking simply and rationally a desire to rise to our privileges, is everywhere spreading; it will some day everywhere prevail, and meanwhile when we eat where it has not yet come, let us be grateful then for the food!"—Washington Post.

A FAD OF THE PAST.

Ha, that was footgear for you—the copper-toed boot. You couldn't wear it out. You were deified to! That was in the days when one pair of boots was expected to last you all one winter. No such foolish notions prevail now.

You have become accustomed to buying a new pair of shoes for each of your children every six weeks. They would turn up their snubby little noses at copper-toed footwear now.

As long as boots were worn by children, the copper toes were entirely logical.



THE COPPER-TOED BOOT.

cal, and the man who invented the metal reinforcement deserved a crown, whether he ever got one or not. There was the grieved sight of toes wearing out while the rest of the boot was good as ever, and without a sound toe the boot was ruined. But the piece of copper at the tip baffled, to great extent, the mania of the children for kicking their toes on the frosty ground.

The presence of a pair of new red-topped boots (they were always very ornate as to tops) under the Christmas tree was a challenge to the recipient. "Wear me out if you can!" they seemed to say. Then you would proceed to try you hardest to do so. In the long run you were always victor.

But the end was delayed generally to the profit of your father's pocketbook.

Now the copper-toed boot has passed.

Self-Winding Watches.

"Watchmaking is no longer what it used to be," said a collector. "Where will you find to-day artists making and selling ready watches worth \$2,500 apiece?"

Brequet was the greatest watchmaker the world has ever seen. He was a Swiss, but he lived in France. The watch collector who hasn't a Brequet timepiece has a sadly incomplete collection. Brequet watches were the acme of beauty, of originality and of accuracy. One played a tune every hour, another had on its dial little figures that danced, a third was a self-winder.

"They were very ingenious, those self-winding watches. They worked on the pedometer principle. The motion of the body in walking kept them wound."

Nervous Prostration.

First Hobo—Meanderin' Mike's Ill from overwork.

Second Hobo—Poor old Mike! Wot's he bin a-workin'?

First Hobo—Too many easy marks.—Baltimore American.

Couldn't.

Orator (excitedly)—The American eagle, whether it is roaming the forests of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell.—Independent.

A man isn't necessarily bald because he has no hair.

"Your wife's very economical, isn't she?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Lord, yes!" groaned Mr. Smith. "She spent \$500 in bargains last month."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



At Grandpa's.

I'd rather be to grandpa's house Than any place I know; For grandpa says I am his boy And grandma loves me so. When I get down to grandpa's house You bet I'll make things hum; There won't be one then to say, "Now, sonny, stop that drum."

I'll go barefooted in the grass And do just as I please; I'll paddle in mud puddles and I'll climb the biggest trees; I'll slide down on the banisters; I'll shin up every door; I won't be scolded when I track Up grandpa's kitchen floor.

When I get down to grandpa's house I'll be a boy again.

Folks ain't afraid of freckles there, Nor bother bout the rain.

I'll ride the horses bareback and I'll walk on evry fence;

No one'll scold me when I tear My pants—gee, that's immense!

I'd rather be to grandpa's house Because I have such fun,

And I'll be awful sorry when Vacation time is done.

I like to be at grandpa's house And be a boy once more.

Where I don't get no scolding when I track up grandpa's floor.

—New York Sun.

Letter Scale.

A good scale for weighing letters may be made by any one without expense. Get the handle of a worn-out broom and cut off about fifteen inches of it.

Pour water into a wide-mouthed jar until it is nearly full, and having attached a weight to one end of the stick and tacked a square of cardboard to the other, the latter to serve as a



A HOME MADE SCALE.

platform, plunge the stick into the water, as shown in the cut.

The weight should be heavy enough to keep about three-fourths of the stick under water. Having done all this, get a half-ounce, an ounce and a two-ounce weight (you may borrow them from your druggist), and placing them, one at a time, upon the platform of your scale carefully mark on the stick the water level in each case.

This scale is somewhat crude, but it is good enough for all practical purposes.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three-days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining room was chilly, and, when we assembled for breakfast, father looked rather grim, and mother tired; for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his coat and boots in the hall, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Polly-wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened the damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow; and five minutes after Jack came in we gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerfully as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

—St. Nicholas.

On to Him.

"You know," said Bragg, "I expect to spend my vacation on a steam yacht."

"How foolish!" exclaimed Knox.

"Why don't you take a rest instead of looking for extra work? Besides stoking is such a hot job!"—Philadelphia Press.

Positive.

"Are you sure that the studies your son is pursuing are really useful?"

"Positive," answered Farine Cortosel. "Anything is useful that will keep Josh from goin' out an' gettin' into fights with the neighbors."—Washington Star.

"Puppy love" is always so serious at the time that the victim wonders afterward how he ever recovered so.

Every young man in love with a pretty and incapable girl, underestimates the time it will take to learn how to cook.

The Red Peril is a living and fearful thing.—Indianapolis Sun.

strange. In olden times they were called "corinths," because they grew in great profusion near Corinth, and either from that fact, or from the name "currants," as they were sometimes called, came our word currant. So "currant cake" is really "raisin cake," but it's good, no matter what you call it.

Not an Easy Task.

A new military prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland. He was a man who greatly magnified his office. And entering one of the cells on the first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, sir, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.

"Weel, I'm your new chaplain."

"Oh, ye are? Well, I ha'e heard o' ye before.

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Well, I heard that the last twa

kirks ye were in ye preached them bath empty, but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one!"

The Telegraph Plant.

There is a queer shrub growing in India, whose trifoliate leaves move in a way much like railway telegraph signals. The two side leaves rise and fall alternately for a time, and then are still, soon starting into motion again. The leaves are most active in the early morning. Sometimes many of them are in motion at once; at other times, only a few of them are; which shows that their action does not

Peculiar to Itself

In selection, proportion and combination of ingredients,
In the process by which their remedial values are extracted and preserved,
In effectiveness, usefulness and economy,
Curing the widest range of diseases,
Doing the most good for the money,
Having the most medicinal merit,
And the greatest record of cures,—

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as **Sarsatabs**. 100 doses \$1.



WE NOW SELL CASH REGISTERS
in all popular styles and makes
CHEAPER THAN EVER.

BECAUSE WE DO NOT BELONG TO THE TRUST.

WE ARE INDEPENDENT CASH REGISTER DEALERS BUCKING THE TRUST.

We handle all popular makes of cash registers, both **NEW** and **SECOND-HAND** at **ONE-HALF** the monopoly company's **PRICES**.

HOW CAN WE DO IT?

The **TRUST** sets aside **HALF THE PRICE** of the register to pay the expenses of the agency and commissions to sales agents.

WE DO NOT.

The **TRUST** must keep up an **EXPENSIVE ORGANIZATION** for the purpose of freezing out competition.

WE DO NOT.

For we have no competition selling cheaper than we do.

WE SELL AT THE TRUE, NOT AT AN INFLATED PRICE.

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.
If you do not care to **THEOW** your name to help fasten the **TRUST**, you do not care to **SELL** your goods where, to call at our store and **SEE**; or, if you cannot do that, to **WRITE** us, stating your requirements.

You may take it for granted that we will give in time the study of your wants and try to give you better satisfaction in order to secure recommendation. Then would the **TRUST**, which boasts of its monopoly—which it does not enjoy, studies nobody—but its own pocket.

Write for our catalog and full information.

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Independent Cash Register Dealers
Phones: Sunset Main 1189;
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609 FIRST AVE., SEATTLE, WASH.

20 Mule Team BORAX

will cleanse every article in your kitchen or dining room—make them bright—and for silver or pewter give a high polish. All dealers. Sample, Booklet and Parlor game Whiz 10c. Pacific Coast Borax Co., Oakland, Cal.

Keep a supply of asbestos paper in your kitchen. If the oven is too hot and the cake likely to burn at the top, put a sheet of the paper on the grate over the tin. If there is danger of burning at the bottom, put a sheet under the tin.

St. Vitus' Dance and all Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE! 2 fl. oz. bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 81 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is said that one of Captain Hobson's dreams is of a factory in Alabama that will turn out one hundred battleships a day. Anyhow the captain cannot be accused of a lack of local pride. He doesn't want the big things to go outside of his own State.

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and rough of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair tonic. The hair stops coming out, grows faster, keeps soft and smooth. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures sick hair, makes it strong and healthy.

The best kind of testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. G. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

S. N. U. No. 43-1907

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Old Favorites

Morning Hymn.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
The daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

—Thomas Ken.

Evening Hymn.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grace as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Lie glorious at the awful day.

Oh, may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;

Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the heavenly lie, lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below!

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

—Thomas Ken.

Milk Traffic in Boston.

Concentration of the Business Constantly Increases—More Shops.

This city receives 368,849 quarts of milk daily, but not all of it is being used here, says the Boston Transcript.

The centralization of the milk traffic is constantly increasing. This is well illustrated by the rapidly lessening number of milkmen. At this time there are only 314 licensed dealers, a loss of twenty-eight over the preceding year. This naturally means more business for the remaining milkmen. The number of shops selling milk shows an increase of 117 over 1905; 3,740 shops are now engaged in the sale of milk in this city.

About 123,250 quarts are subjected to commercial pasteurization daily, which means the heating of the milk to between 150 and 170 degrees Fahrenheit. The milk inspector does not approve this method unless it is regulated by labeling the product.

During the summer months one firm claims to supply the customers with milk twelve hours old and another concern delivers milk to a portion of its patrons throughout the summer months of the same age, while the balance of its customers receive their milk when it is twenty-five hours old. Another firm in winter serves one-half of its family trade with milk twelve hours old, while the remaining retail customers are given milk twenty-four hours old. The greater portion of the milk delivered by contracting firms is from twenty-four to thirty-six hours old; a portion of the milk supply of one large firm is forty-eight hours old. Another large concern supplies milk to 10 per cent of its stores and restaurants which is from forty-eight to sixty hours old. Milk of forty-eight to sixty hours old, to be of good quality, must have been produced and kept under ideal conditions.

Dangerous. "Mother," said little Elsie. "Mrs. Roosevelt is the first lady in the land," isn't she?"

"Yes, dear," whispered her mother, "but for goodness sake don't let Bridget hear you say it!"—Philadelphia Press.

Look Neat When Traveling. A woman looks chic and neat at the end of her journey because she wears a small hat which covers a well-groomed head, kept neat by a hair net. She wears a foulard frock, the waist and skirt of which have been fastened together firmly. She wears a stiff linen collar, with a taffeta bow of the same tone as her dress.

Just before arriving she changes her collar, puts on fresh gloves, and cleanses her face with cold cream. She fastens her veil neatly and looks as trim as if she were just starting on her journey.

She avoids a large hat, white gloves, jewelry and loosely arranged hair.

How to Strengthen a Puppy's Legs.

If a puppy is weak on its legs, the addition of lime water to its milk is of great benefit and tends to prevent rickets, says Home Chat. Chemical food which consists of the syrup of phosphates may be given at the same time.

Blaze On.

Blaze, sun! with all your fires
An' scorch us, soon an' late!

Ye poets, string your lyres—

Ye liars, dig your bait!

—Atlanta Constitution.

It is surprising that a mean woman and a very good woman can belong to the same sex.

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WHAT IS PE-RU-NA?

is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peruna a great tonic. Others refer to Peruna as a great catarrh remedy.

Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peruna a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

Our reply is, that Peruna is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.

In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of some mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen in the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and to raise the vital forces.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention from medical writers as HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS.

The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession.

When joined with CUREES and COFATEA a

trio of medical agents is formed in Peruna which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon.

This action, reinforced by such renowned tonics as COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, COEYDALIS FORMOSA and CEDRON SEED, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and locations in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peruna is beyond criticism. The name of Peruna, confirms this opinion.

Numberless testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not overenthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.

Milk Traffic in Boston.

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and guaranteed absolutely

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Every garment guaranteed

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Suits \$2.00 Slickers \$3.00

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ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

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This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

WHAT DAD KNOWS

My teacher thinks 'at she is smart, I kind o' 'spec' she is. She knows the jokerby by heart, An' 'rithmetic—gee whiz! W'y, she can do most ev'ry sum, An' she can play an' sing, But she ain't smart as pa, by gum! 'Cuz pa knows ev'ythig.

Pa knows who'll get elected 'fore The campaign is half through. I heard him say so at the store— You bet pa knows it, too!

He knows who's goin' to win the game

Each day they play baseball, But then, of course, he ain't to blame

Becuz he knows it all.

Pa knows just how they arter dig The Panama canal.

Ma calls him somethin long an' big —it's the-o-ret-i-cal.

Of course I know ma knows a lot, She's mighty smart, by jing!

But pa is Johnny-on-the-spot,

'Cuz he knows everything.

Pa knows; w'y pa knows all they is!

He knows just how to bust Up ev'ry corporation biz,

An' ev'ry single trust.

My uncle Henry knows a heap, Nobody'd ever call

Him wooden-headed ner asleep;

But pa, he knows it all.

I allus thought 'at Roosevelt knew More things than any man,

But they's some things that he can't do

As well as my pa can.

While Roosevelt knows most ev'rything,

My pa can take a fall

Right out o' him so slick, by jing!

'Cuz pa, he knows it all.

AN INSPIRED FAILURE

There can be no doubt that there is an intense antagonism in certain influential money circles in the east against President Roosevelt on account of his unminced attacks upon the methods of "high finance" back there during the past two or three years; nor can it be doubted the leaders of this group will engineer any coup or reprisal that will bring discomfiture to the man whose courage and character and wisdom have proven too much for their dishonest alignment and selfish programs.

The hatred of the president is of a quality comparable only with the immense good he did the general public when he wrought the laws that interfered with their thieving schedules; and they will stop at nothing to even up the score they hold against him. They are powerful, shrewd and unscrupulous, and have hundreds of dubious and desperate means to work their revenge, even to the wrecking of an institution like the Knickerbocker Trust Company, which has closed its doors with untold millions available in its coffers to meet every possible demand that could be made against it. The failure, to our mind, was a farce, pure and simple; part and parcel of a gigantic scheme of alleged insolvencies that are to follow all over the country, for the sole purpose of disparaging and defeating Roose-

velt in the next national campaign, and any man that may stand for the Rooseveltian doctrine of sense and honesty; and we believe that the treasury department of the government will find, before it is through with this and other reported failures, that there is huge and profound conspiracy afoot in this direction, and its detection and exposure will do more to put this nation on the dead level of financial integrity than it has been for years past. We hope we are not mistaken in this deduction, for the reason that such a bold scheme and its uprooting will, once for all, restore peace and institute justice on a plane that has not been known since the Civil War.

INADEQUATE CIRCULATION
The present financial situation in this country, is the inevitable result of our banking system. The deposits in Portland banks are, in round numbers, probably about \$60,000,000, says the Portland Journal. If the banks, under the rules, regulations, and the laws, state and national, are carrying 25 per cent of these deposits in reserve, that is, in their vaults, then here is \$15,000,000 of actual money tied up for the safety of depositors. When the sum falls below this lawful reserve then the banks must hedge—stop loaning—stop letting money go out of their possession other than to the depositors themselves. No, look at the situation all over the country at this time; every bank is trying to keep up its reserve, from 15 to 15 per cent of the volume of its deposits, the money it owes the people. Suppose the deposits of all banks all over the country in round figures to be \$13,000,000,000 (and they are probably greater than this vast sum) and the circulation medium, actual money, is not over \$8,000,000,000. Then, how are the banks to retain the lawful reserve?

That is the struggle that is going on now. The volume of deposits in all the banks is out of proportion to the volume of actual money, and every bank is involved in the struggle to preserve itself in keeping a lawful reserve, with the result that it is the old, old story of the strong against the weak, and honest, well-meaning bankers are now forced to do extraordinary things to safeguard their own institutions and preserve their obligations to those who trust them—their depositors.

The fact is, the financial system in vogue in these United States is a patchwork affair that proves the weakest at times when it should be the strongest, and needs to be revised, adjusted and made to fit the demands upon it in times of straits of money as well as at other times.

The experience that we are passing through at present should be a lesson to the people, to congress, to the president as well as to the bankers and financiers. It should prove to be "worth more than its weight in gold."

Have you ever noticed how the greed for gain has changed things in the past few years? Take, for example, social entertainments and dancing parties: A few years ago such functions were given, first at one neighbor's home, then at some other, for the sole purpose of breaking the humdrum monotony of village life. Nowadays, if a dance is proposed, the first question that enters the minds of the promoters is, "Can we make anything out of it?" Social features are not considered, music is secured at the lowest figure, and the affair resolves itself into a money-making proposition, pure and simple. Oh, for the good old days when the "gals" took the lunch and the boys "chipped in" to pay the "fiddler!"

Now, that the republicans of Alaska have declared for territorial government by almost unanimous vote of the convention, and President Roosevelt has given it out as his intention to recommend legislation favoring territorial government for Alaska in his forthcoming message to congress, wonder if the Juneau "antis" don't feel sorry for themselves? They are still going

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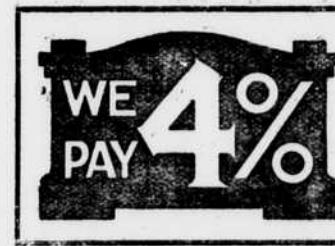
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